

The Guide to Holiness.

OCTOBER, 1862.

THE NECESSITY OF GUARDING THE INWARD LIFE AMID THE PRESSING OUTWARD ACTIVITIES OF THE PRESENT HOUR.

BECAUSE it is an inward life, fed from unseen and spiritual sources, it is in itself independent of outward circumstances. Never was there a period in our history when the duty of entire personal consecration to Christ assumed more practical importance, or when the elevation and peace of heart arising from it were more to be desired. Our whole outward life is besieged with constant demands upon our thoughts and labors; the most solemn and moving events are constantly arresting and holding the attention; the whole overwhelming tide of feeling around us is rushing on towards perilled temporal interests, and all the incessant activities of the hour are soliciting the thoughts, and drawing them away from heavenly things. The whole upper surface of the sea around us is raging and foaming. How important that the depths be calm and pure! It is just in this exigency that the divine nature of the gospel is seen. Its seat is the heart, and it works from within towards the outward life. It is Christ formed within us, a living Saviour, creating continually, by his presence, spiritual life, and awakening the liveliest affections of the heart. It is a stronger emotion than any occasioned even by the marvellous events of the hour. It is a fresh sensation renewed every day. It suffuses the soul, penetrating all its channels of feeling, and raising it above the incidents of the outward life. It is a great calm in this sea of sorrow; a serene and loving reliance upon divine Providence; a constant preparation for whatever may be the expression of the Father's will in the events that he permits to occur. "Great peace have they that love the Lord, and nothing shall offend them."

Now is the hour to honor Christ in exhibiting the full proportions of his faith. This is the moment to testify of his power to save *unto the uttermost*, not only in the circle of saints, but amid the agonies, anxieties, and worldly activities of the times. It is at such a moment that sincere faith will shine, and God will be honored by it. In holy, self-denying labors, in calm repose upon the divine wisdom, in an unshrinking acceptance of God's discipline towards us, in a constant frame of heavenly-mindedness, the power of Jesus to save and sanctify his people should be made apparent.

To reach and preserve this state of mind constant watchfulness is requisite. It depends solely upon the indwelling of Christ, and constant faith

alone unites us to him. Our inward life is not an accident, but the deliberate, permanent choice of the soul. Faith is an intelligent reliance upon the promises, and a confident and continual realization of eternal things. As we prosecute our worldly enterprises by keeping them distinctly in the mind, and every day using the appropriate measures for their attainment, so every day the growth of the soul in holiness should be the leading thought of the mind, and the many and precious promises should be continually apprehended and made the food of the heart.

As this is a special hour, there is a call upon us to set apart special occasions for fasting and prayer; following in this the significant example of our Master. The world is ringing its voices so powerfully in our ears, and its demands upon our thoughts and feelings are so peremptory and persistent, that we need to retire often from the sight and sound of life, and to have long and unobstructed communion with Christ. These are blessed and fruitful hours in our Christian life. This period of holy devotion becomes to us like the mount of transfiguration. Jesus appears to us in his glorious robes. Heaven opens before us; the great cloud of witnesses bend their eyes upon us, and the power of an eternal life seizes upon the soul.

"Faith lends its realizing light;
The clouds disperse, the shadows fly;
The Invisible appears in sight,
And God is seen by mortal eye."

"Then were the disciples glad, when they saw the Lord." The world, with all its labor and discipline, in such a moment of revelation, takes its proper place,—a scene of preparation, of consecration, of self-denial; a ladder with an earthly foundation, but rising to heaven.

Amid the glories of the mount, our Lord conversed calmly about the "decease which he was to accomplish at Jerusalem." And in these uninterrupted hours of secret prayer, we can, in blessed repose, accept whatever cup of trial it may please the Father to press to our lips. Here we reach the undying springs of spiritual life. He that "drinketh of this water shall never thirst." In the multiplicity of public and social religious services there is a danger of our neglecting secret prayer and the duty of fasting. Prayer meetings will not prove a wholesome substitute for these. We have not such searching disclosures of ourselves, and such clear revelations of the provisions of the gospel in their adaptation to our personal wants, in circles of prayer, amid the exhilarations of song and the inspirations of stirring addresses, as in the silence of the closet, and in the "still hour" of fasting and private devotion.

This often and protracted communion with Jesus is the cure for the excitement of the hour. How calm was Moses with his God upon the mount, while all the hosts of Israel were surging

below with the inflamed passions of the time. Through neglect of this sublime communion with God, many, in these days, will peril their peace and lose their moral power. Preserving all the forms of faith, attending upon the accustomed religious services, using the same language to describe their spiritual experience, there will be a perceptible loss of unction and holy vigor. The soul will lose its balance, and throb uneasily under the pressure of worldly anxieties. The great work of life—to evangelize the world—will be temporarily overlooked, and the soul will be submitted to all the excitements and distresses of the hour. Religious duties, especially our relative duties, such as the faithful culture of our families, and efforts for the salvation of our friends, will be postponed until a more propitious hour.

But death does not linger, and Christ's work must not stop. We cannot readily recover the ground we lose. Besides, these days of judgment are meant to be means of grace, and should be seized by us as the appointed hour for some higher development of the inner life, and some more glorious display of Christ's power to save, in the circle of our influence.

This question should now be prayerfully considered in all our churches: How shall the urgencies of the hour be kept from interrupting the personal inward life of Christians, and how may they be sanctified even to the accomplishment of great ultimate good? A day of fasting and prayer may be appropriately set apart in the different churches to seek for a fresh baptism from on high, and to renew the covenant with God.

It is painful at this solemn period in our history to observe how few revivals of religion are recorded in our religious papers. The spirit of the hour is ominous. We are not only manifesting a wholesome patriotism, but a bald, revengeful war temper. Our children are breathing this poisonous atmosphere. What long, weary years before it can be eradicated! Was there ever an hour when a revival of pure and undefiled religion was more necessary? Let us watch and pray, lest even the elect be deceived. In the general spiritual deterioration, by heart-searching faithfulness in reference to ourselves, and a renewed consecration of our heart and life, let us find both a consolation and a conservative power. By constantly inviting the High Priest of our salvation to dwell within us, let us secure a divine peace amid the terrors of the times, and a divine grace sanctifying us for the accomplishment of holy purposes.

WHERE MUCH IS GIVEN, MUCH IS REQUIRED.

LET us not forget, beloved Christians, now enjoying the blissful emotions of the inner life, or groaning after the freedom of the sons of God, the obligations arising out of these rich gifts of the Spirit. "We are bought with a price;" "we

have reckoned ourselves dead unto the world and alive to Christ." Let us not be satisfied —

1. With simply cultivating these spiritual affections in communion with those who fully sympathize with our views, and whose thoughts and feelings flow in delightful harmony with our own. Such a fellowship is our privilege, and at suitable times is to be sought. Let us beware, however, lest we make our hours of spiritual enjoyment an end rather than a means. From time to time we come back to the feet of Jesus together, to rehearse our spiritual victories for our common encouragement; but our life is in the world, and here is the scene of our active consecration to Christ. If we are the Lord's, here, in our families, and in our daily relations to society, we have the opportunity of constantly living and speaking for Jesus. Professing to love much, how earnestly, wisely, watchfully, tenderly, ought we to bear our testimony, by example and precept, in behalf of our blessed Redeemer. And the more conspicuous and effective becomes this faithfulness when the "love of many waxes cold." Let not Jesus turn to us, who have acknowledged such unutterable obligations to his cleansing blood, in the prevailing worldliness of the church, and say, "Will ye also go away?" Let us not then expend the force of our affections upon these refreshing interviews with those holding common sentiments with ourselves, but —

2. Cheerfully offer our co-operation in all the appointed means of grace. Although our brethren are low in the religious life, barren in their experiences, and monotonous in their exercises, of all others, let not those who hold Christ's cause to be dearer than everything besides stand aside from the stated services of the sanctuary, or withhold their hearty concurrence in them. Patiently and kindly should the lifeless condition of the church be considered; and for Christ's sake, by labors abundant, by enduring charity, and by persevering faithfulness, "the things that are weak should be strengthened," backslidden brethren recovered, and the piety of the church quickened. No want of sympathy with our views on the part of others should divert us from offering all the aid in our power to every honest effort for the extension of Christ's kingdom. Let us not so strenuously insist that all should come to our specific view of the inward life as to keep us from appreciating the slightest signs of progress in our fellow-Christians. We should be patterns of faithfulness, forbearance, sweetness and fervency, sustaining the ministry however weak and cold, and clinging to all the offices of the sanctuary for His dear sake who has redeemed us with his blood.

3. We should not forget, in our rich personal enjoyment of Christ and of the society of fervent saints, and in our efforts to bring the church up to the work of personal consecration, that the great masses around us are unsaved. We may not remit our efforts to induce our brethren to "come up higher;" but let us not look casually upon the condition of impenitent men. Some

earnest professors of holiness seem to distrust every endeavor to win souls to Christ, in their eagerness to continue the work of sanctification. The two are in no measure antagonistic. They should go on in harmony. Above all others, those that profess entire consecration to Jesus should be the leaders in endeavors to bring back the prodigals to the Father's house, — "for there is more joy in heaven over one sinner that repenteth than over ninety and nine that need no repentance."

In these days, when the revival spirit in so large a degree is quenched, when so few are awakened, and yet when there is such a special call for pious endeavor for the salvation of our young men, rushing by thousands to the camps, our dear readers, lovers of holiness, should seek a new dispensation of the Spirit sending them forth, and saying to them, "Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature; and, lo! I am with you always, even unto the end."

QUERIES.

BRO. DEGEN: Would it be out of your line of business to answer, through the next number of the "Guide," the following queries:—

1st. Can a soul be, or is a soul ever, emptied of sin without being filled with the Spirit?

2d. Is the blessing of sanctification always, or necessarily, accompanied with any physical manifestation, as losing the strength, or falling, as was the case of Rev. J. A. Wood, given in the July and August numbers? J. G. S.

IN answer to the above queries, we remark, that the use of a term which, although common, is not scriptural, creates the only difficulty suggested by the first question. The New Testament specifies no state in grace by the term *emptied*; but it distinctly affirms that "the blood of Jesus Christ his Son *cleanseth* us from all sin;" that "if we confess our sins, he is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to *cleanse* us from all unrighteousness." It is of inexpressible importance that we should have correct ideas of the divine work, else how can we exercise intelligent, appropriating faith? A wrong idea, arising from an unfortunate figure, may greatly embarrass our minds and delay the work of grace. To attempt to exercise faith to be *emptied* of sin, exciting the imagination as to the possible effect of such a work upon the consciousness, would, it seems to us, be liable to lead the mind astray. True faith simply relies, at once, upon the exact word of God. I can, without bewildering misgivings, repose my heart, through the aid of the Spirit, upon the distinct assurance of the new covenant, that the blood of Christ now, while I humbly and utterly trust in him, *cleanseth me from sin*. I have no embarrassment with the question of consciousness whether I seem to be emptied of sin and vacant of emotion; I simply, tenderly, but earnestly rest upon the promise, which I know in Christ must be "yea and amen."

Now we can readily see that a period longer or shorter, varying in different experiences, may elapse, after entire reliance upon the cleansing blood,—as we find in the testimonies of devout Christians it is often so,—before the full baptism of the Spirit, and the enjoyment of what is embodied in the apostle's prayer,—to "be able to comprehend with all saints what is the breadth, and length, and depth, and height, and to know the love of Christ, which passeth knowledge, that ye might be *filled with all the fulness of God*."

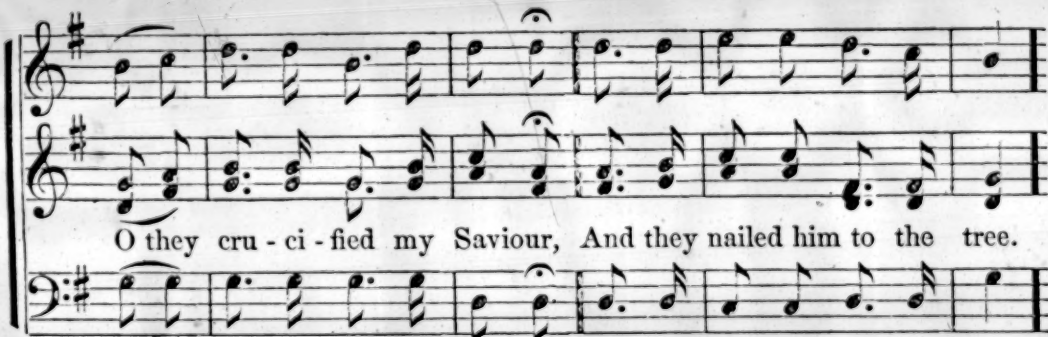
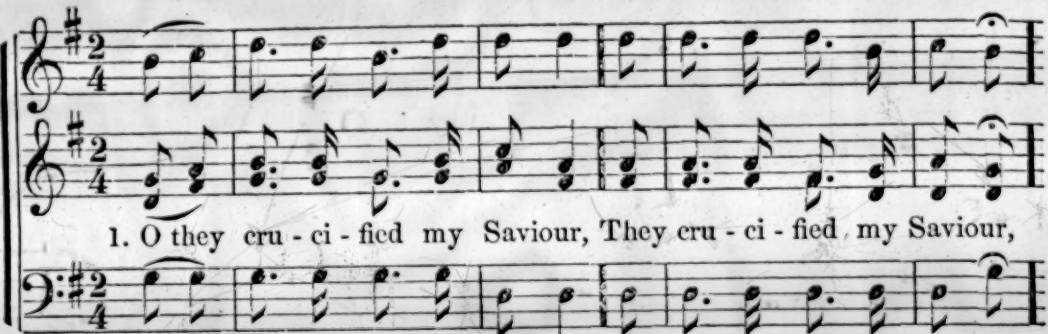
It is well for us always to recollect that there are no distinct and prescribed steps or stages of conscious experience marked out in the gospel, by which we attain to the enjoyment of the highest blessings of the Spirit. There are, however, clear and easily apprehended promises, covering all our wants and capacities. The Spirit operates in its own omniscient wisdom, variously in different persons, but producing the same heavenly fruits. Our duty, as it is also our privilege, is, to offer upon Christ's altar every word of promise, and to believe unwaveringly that God fulfils it, just according to his assurance. From such a heart, reposing upon Christ, the Comforter will not be long absent, and he will declare his own presence by unquestioned emotions and results.

As to the second question, but one answer, of course, can be given. "Bodily exercise profiteth little." Very powerful emotions of joy or sorrow produce, from their very nature, strong effects upon the body. The sudden announcement of the safety and presence of a husband or son, supposed to be dead, will often overpower the strongest nerves. These are simple incidents of our mortal life and weakness. There can be no moral character or value attaching to them. Just in so far as they are relied upon, they weaken our faith and distort our experience. We believe in Christ; we are saved and sanctified by his blood. If, when, after long struggling with unbelief, we do fully repose upon his promise, and the heart is cleansed and filled with the Holy Ghost, the poor body sinks, or the mind wanders in blissful vagaries, it is simply because "the flesh is weak," and faints under the vision, as did Daniel at the sight of an angel. Such an event adds no virtue to the grace of the Spirit, should never be sought as a *means*, certainly not as an end, and is only one of those often unaccountable involuntary effects upon the body induced by strong mental emotions.

POETRY.—We receive much for this department of the Guide which we are reluctantly compelled to lay aside. Plain prose can be reconstructed, and re-written, if need be, but we confess we are not competent to undertake this in much that is offered us as poetry. We think we can tell genuine poetry when we see it; but if our standard be correct, very few who write verse have the poetic gift. This will explain why many articles are delayed and more laid aside.

THE ASCENSION.

Arr. by W. McDONALD.



2.
One Joseph begged his body,
And he laid it in the tomb;
But he rose, &c.

3.
Two men in shining garments,
Came and rolled away the stone;
And he rose, &c.

4.
Then the earth began to tremble,
And the Roman Soldiers fell;
As he rose, &c.

5.
Poor Mary! she came mourning,
But she could not find her Lord;
For he rose, &c.

6.
"Pray tell me where you've laid him,
For he's missing from the tomb?"
Ah! he rose, &c.

7.
Go tell to John and Peter,
That their Jesus lives again;
For he rose, &c.

8.
Go preach to every nation,
And tell to dying men;
That he rose, &c.

9.
He shall surely come again,
With ten thousand of his saints;
Then we'll rise, we'll go to heaven, &c.

PUBLISHED BY H. V. DEGEN & SON, 21 CORNHILL, BOSTON.

THE GUIDE TO HOLINESS.

NOVEMBER, 1862.

"LOVE YOUR ENEMIES."

"But I say unto you, love your enemies." —
Matt. v. 44.

THE commands which God has laid upon men fulfil a part of their design in being convenient tests of the state of the heart. God measures human character by the state of the heart alone, and not at all by works, good or bad, except as these latter are exponents of the former.

Christ will say at the last day, "Come, ye blessed of my Father," &c., "for I was an hungered and ye gave me meat; I was thirsty and ye gave me drink; I was a stranger and ye took me in;" and so on through the various forms of kindness to the poor. But are we hence to gather that only such as have actually performed these acts to some of Christ's little ones shall be saved? What, then, is to become of those little ones themselves who have been obliged by providence to be the beneficiaries rather than the benefactors of mankind? And what is to be done in the case of thousands of others who, like the penitent thief, die so soon after their acceptance of salvation as to have no opportunity for thus evincing their love to the Saviour? Obviously God takes the will for the deed; and he who, by the grace of God, has it in his heart to thus witness for the Master, though denied all opportunity of actually doing it, shall doubtless stand up at the last, with his more fortunate brother, and receive the wel-

come for precisely the same reason as he; for "God looketh on the heart."

If I were asked what I deemed the lowest or slightest proof of Christian character, I would say, love to the brotherhood; and for the highest, I think I would give, love to your enemies; for I am impressed that only the grace of God, ruling and pervading the heart, can bring it to fulfil such a requisition.

Love is fundamental in the Christian character. All his affections seem to have their base in love, — pure, holy love, — love to God, love to the brotherhood, love to the world, love to his enemies. Love is God's grand motive-power in man; and all holy activities, as well as all pure affections, find their source and their supply in love.

A sad omen appears when a Christian finds himself habitually saying, "I hate," "I don't like," "I am disgusted," "I abhor," "I detest," "I cannot bear," &c.; for these expressions prevailing, indicate that the sweet waters of holy love are ebbed or ebbing from the heart. "Charity is the bond of perfectness." A good man is definable not always on his orthodoxy, but certainly on his love. He loves God, he loves Christians, he loves God's law, he loves the world of mankind.

Sin is repulsion, and can so fill a soul with disgust and hate as to make a man at once tired of the present life, and afraid to die; while love is attraction, and can make a man at once love to live for the

good of others, and desire to depart and to be with Christ, which is far better.

The command I have cited as my text puts love to its extreme test. Let us inquire,—

I. WHAT IS NOT INCLUDED IN IT?

1. It does not demand that I shall not *know* when another injures me, or invades my rights. Grace does not destroy good sense.

2. It does not demand that I shall not *feel* it. True, there are times when God does so cover his people in the day of rebuke and sorrow that they are not very painfully affected by the insults or injuries they receive; but these seasons are exceptional; and though grace does always so soothe the heart with the consoling balm of peace that it is saved from much of the *bitterness* of grief under injuries, yet it is a mistake to suppose that a man may have so much grace as not to feel pain under provocation and wrong. Did not Jesus both know and feel an insult or a breach of common courtesy? Simon, the Pharisee, invited him to dinner, and he went; but before he left, with what severe dignity did he criticise the faulty courtesy of his host:—"I entered into thine house, thou gavest me no water for my feet"—an attention quite necessary to the comfort of a guest in a country where the foot of the traveller was only protected by a sandal. "Thou gavest me no kiss"—a common token of cordial welcome. "Mine head with oil thou didst not anoint"—another respectful attention to the comfort of a guest. These words of Jesus reveal a sensitive nature, in which the divinest meekness had yet wrought no extinction of the capacity to appreciate the claims of social life; yet some persons seem to feel themselves licensed to treat Christians with rudeness, upon the principle that grace is a sort of spiritual chloroform.

3. The command does not enjoin that I shall regard with *approval* the conduct of an enemy.

4. Nor that I shall take him into my confidence as a bosom friend.

5. Nor does it forbid me to defend myself, in the sober use of such means as Providence may put within my reach, against the assaults of an enemy.

"But what then," you ask, "becomes of Christ's words in the preceding context?"

"But I say unto you, that ye resist not evil: but whosoever shall smite thee on thy right cheek, turn to him the other also. And if any man will sue thee at the law, and take away thy coat, let him have thy cloak also. And whosoever shall compel thee to go a mile, go with him twain."

My answer is, this language must be understood to be strongly hyperbolical; for,—

1. It is always safe to interpret Christ's words by Christ's actions. It is recorded of him by John, that during his examination before the high priest he was asked by the latter some questions concerning his disciples and his doctrine. He answered; but his answer was thought wanting in respectfulness by an officer present, who reproved him and struck him with his hand. Jesus did not literally turn the other cheek, but reprov-ingly said, "If I have spoken evil, bear witness of the evil; but if well, why smitest thou me?"

2. The current language of Christ's instructions does not comport with such literal interpretation. "But know this," said he, "that if the good man of the house had known in what watch the thief would come, he would have watched, and *not have suffered* his house to be broken up."

3. A literal compliance with the injunction to turn the other cheek, &c., would be, in many cases, to present a temptation to an offending party to repeat the offence, and thus aggravate his own guilt; so that the only interpretation we can put on the words under consideration, as it seems to me, is to understand them as forbidding all vindictiveness, and enjoining benevolent affections toward those who injure us.

Let us now consider,—

II. WHAT IS INCLUDED IN THE INJUNCTION OF THE TEXT.

1. That I shall entertain no desire for revenge.

2. That I shall entertain no secret wish that God would avenge my cause by judgment on the offender.

3. That I shall regard him with compassion,—that I shall love him with a love of pity.

4. That I shall be ready to assist him in his need, to avert a calamity from him, or to defend his character when wrongfully assailed, just as I would do by any other sinner.

III. WHAT ARE THE MARKS BY WHICH I MAY KNOW THAT I HAVE THE GRACE TO LOVE MY ENEMIES?

1. I shall not be very ready to think *that I have enemies*. I shall not make a man an offender for a word, nor be ready to take it for granted that he hates me because he has reproved me for what he thought was wrong, or because he has uttered a criticism on any of my acts or sayings.

2. I shall not *over-estimate* injuries received from one whom I am compelled to regard as an enemy.

3. The grace to love an enemy will always be found to be the grace by which, so far as in me lies, I shall avoid all just cause of offence to others.

4. The same grace will enable me to inquire with entire candor whether I may not, by some inadvertency, or some ill-turned word, have given occasion for offence.

5. It will lead me, if my enemy hunger, to feed him; if he thirsts, to give him drink.

6. It will lead me to *pray* for him; not ostentatiously and with a loud voice, in the presence of a group of friends and sympathizers. That were only a method of advertising my piety, and showing my friends how great a saint I am. But it will lead

me to go simply to God with the earnest request for mercy on the soul of my enemy.

7. It will make me glad to discover good points in his character, and happy to contemplate them. Alas, how many who have named the name of Christ appear to know nothing of this grace. It is enough for them to know or to fancy that one has said or done something unfriendly to themselves, when at once they become incapable of looking with candor, far less with complacency, upon any point in the character of the offender. He may be truthful, upright, benevolent, pious; “but no matter, he is not *my* man, and I do not want anything to do with him.” That is the spirit of the world, and so far as any man’s heart remains unsanctified, it is his spirit; but it is not the spirit of Christ. See him on the cross. The men who have compassed his death are the leading ecclesiastics of the country; but they have been his implacable foes during the three years of his public life. They have doggedly pursued him in his travels; they have carped at his words; they have maligned his motives; they have repeatedly plotted his death, and now they are succeeding. The night has been worn out in tedious and fruitless efforts to obtain false witnesses enough to carry the case against their innocent victim. At last, by mere vehemence, they have procured the sentence, and he is to die. Slow, torturing, and to the last degree abhorrent, is the death to which they consign him. Six hours drag slowly on, while they invent new tortures for the dying man. But amidst the faintings of the last moments he breathes a prayer for them. That prayer is a plea for God’s compassion on the only ground which constituted any alleviation of their guilt: “Father, forgive them, *for they know not what they do*.” They don’t understand themselves to be putting to death the Lord’s Messiah. And so Jesus dies with his eye on the *best point* in the character of his murderers. Hear it, my brethren

hear it, O my soul; and remember, "If any man have not the spirit of Christ he is none of his."

Let us remember then these following things:—

1. A good man may have enemies; a man good enough to love his enemies may have them; else the text were a fallacy in itself.

2. It is possible to know that men cherish nothing but ill-will toward us, and yet to cherish only good-will to them.

3. We can make a very valuable use of our enemies. They will doubtless assail our characters at the weakest points, and therefore there are few of us who cannot learn valuable lessons from their abusive words.

4. Finally; if this spirit were universal in the world, how soon the earth would bloom an Eden again. Between the law of retaliation and the theory of this text there is really no middle ground. But that law, in a world like this, where offences must needs come, would reciprocate each injury once committed till the whole world would be enveloped in universal strife and bloodshed; and the struggle could only terminate with the extinction of the combatants, that is, of the race.

How benignly in contrast with all this is the Saviour's theory. A man trespasses against you, and you go and tell him his fault "between him and thee alone." He haughtily asks, "What are you going to do about it?" You answer, "Nothing further." But he don't believe you, and for weeks he is still on the alert for some act of retaliation from you; but none comes, and on the other hand he receives several quiet proofs of your good-will. Still he thinks, or tries to think, "This is all a deep plot; he will certainly strike by and by." But no; you keep steadily on in your quiet way, doing good unto all men as you have opportunity, not excepting him, and in the mean time happier a thousand times for your own benevolent intentions. I know they say revenge is

sweet; and so perhaps it is to Satan, and those who are like him, but certainly to nobody else. But your enemy comes at length to see that he is to receive no return-blow for the injury he has done you; and so the chances are that he will become your friend, and, in the long run, bestow on you favors several times to counterbalance the injury he has done you. Meantime your gains are immense. You have conquered yourself. You have secured peace of mind. You have honored the Saviour. You have acquired great influence over a man who else might have delighted to oppose and annoy you for life.

Now let your thoughts multiply this single case by the number of strifes that arise in the earth, and you will have a glimpse of the glorious results which the Saviour's theory would work out, until the earth, now a babel and a battle-field, should bloom an Eden again, and all men rejoice in the universal brotherhood. Let each do his part, and the Lord hasten the consummation.

CHRIST IN THE HOUSE.

You remember what happened to Dagon, the idol of the Philistines, when the ark was brought into his temple. Twice he fell flat on his face, and, when his worshippers lifted him up, he was all broken and maimed. So idols fall down in the heart and in the house where Christ enters in. Christ and sin cannot stay peaceably together. An old Roman emperor was willing to put a statue of Jesus among the other gods of the empire; but the Christians said that would not do. Christ must be on the throne, and all that is against him must be made his footstool. This was one lesson taught by the budding of Aaron's rod when the staves of all the other tribes remained dead as they were.

But observe carefully that I have not

said, that before Christ comes in sin must be put out. It is his coming in that sends it away. Suppose you were in a dark room in the morning, the shutters closed and fastened, and only as much light coming through the chinks as made you aware it was day outside. And suppose you should say to a companion with you, Let us open the windows, and let in the light. What would you think if he replied, No, no; you must first put the darkness out, or the light will not enter? You would laugh at his absurdity. Just so, we cannot put sin out of our hearts to prepare for Christ's entering; we must open and take him in, and sin will flee. Fling the window open at once, and let Christ shine in.

Neither have I said that when Christ comes into heart or house all sin goes at once. After two shameful falls, that showed he was conquered, and broke his hands off, there was still a stump of Dagon left in his temple. So sin gets conquered, wounded with deadly wound, when Jesus comes in, yet much of it for a while remains. Our work is, to give it another and another fall, till it go all to pieces, and we can sweep out forever the very powder of it. Suppose you are in a room with the windows set open in the early morning. The light is just streaking the sky in the east. There is consequently very little light in the room yet. But it is night no longer. The sun, however, must first rise, before the room is full of light. Even then, there will be spots and corners left in comparative gloom, shadows cast by walls and tables, which prevent the light from filling all the apartment equally. But now suppose that all the furniture, and all the walls, were to become glass, then the sunlight shining through would fill every part of the room with glory. This will happen with every soul which Christ enters. And heaven will be such a house.

I said it was a happy thing to get sin out of the house. Do you doubt it?

Would it be pleasant if your house had serpents lurking in every dark corner? Would you be glad to get them banished? Sin is a snakelike thing, subtle, deadly. Do you count day pleasant? Who could dispute that the light is sweet? Perhaps a blind man might. He might say to people who had eyes, I do not understand what there is about that light you praise so much. It does nothing for me. It does not talk to me; it sings me no song; it does not smell sweet to me; it does not feed me. And yet it is too much to suppose this. A blind man would not say that. Blind souls say something very like it. They do dispute in that fashion. But oh, dear friends, believe it, sin is darkness; it is disease, it is death. Away with it, as you would throw out plague-stained robes, or a dead body on which corruption was preying.

When Christ comes into a house, and stays there, out go sinful tempers, sinful words, sinful pleasures, sinful actions. And in, like a train of angels, a troop of shining ones, come gentle words, holy delights, deeds of love. Yes, there are shining ones in his company, shining graces, shining angels, glory from God above.

Is it not happy to have Christ in the house, then? Are you ready, next time he knocks at the door, to say, "Come in, thou blessed of the Lord?"

I have two questions to ask, and I have done: Have you Christ in the heart? He does not stay in a house where the hearts are kept shut. You must give him the keys of the innermost rooms, or he will not abide with you. Trust and love are the only doors he comes in at. Were not Martha and Mary much honored to have Jesus in their house, and at their table? Yes, but happier still to have him in their hearts. And you may have him there as well as they. Hear what he says: "Behold, I stand at the door, and knock; if

any man hear my voice, and open the door, I will come in to him, and sup with him, and he with me."

A second question is this: *Are you Christ in the house?* Every true child of God shows something of Christ. Joseph long ago carried something of God with him into his master's house, and into the prison. The little captive maid, in the house of Naaman the Syrian, had something of the God of Israel with her. If you are like them, you will bring a blessing down on the house you stay in. You will be a little ark of treasure. Happy he who is!

BEHOLD a stranger at the door!
He gently knocks, has knocked before;
Has waited long, is waiting still;
You use no other friend so ill.

O lovely attitude! he stands
With melting heart and open hands;
O matchless kindness! and he shows
His matchless kindness to his foes.

Admit him, for the human breast
Ne'er entertained so kind a guest;
No mortal tongue their joys can tell,
With whom he condescends to dwell.

Yet know, nor of the terms complain,
When Jesus comes, he comes to reign;
To reign, and with no partial sway,—
Thoughts must be slain that disobey.

Sovereign of souls, thou Prince of Peace,
O may thy gentle reign increase;
Be all our hearts to thee resigned,
And be thine empire all mankind.

SHOWING PIETY AT HOME.

You tell me a man is changed by the converting and renewing grace of God. Is he? Let me look at him. It is something that I may see him with the Bible in his hands. It goes as confirmation, that I behold him on his knees. It helps the evidence, that I hear him speaking his public vows in covenant with God and his people. But I would rather visit him invisibly in his home; see what sort of a husband and father he has become; wheth-

er he is gentle and self-restrained, when he used to be petulant and irritable; whether he is monarch of all he surveys, or the servant and minister of all; lives to receive the incense of the family homage, to be saved trouble, and to guard his personal comfort and convenience from interference and restriction, or to lavish thought, and toil, and care upon the welfare of all the dependent circle. Let me know, are his angles rounded off in the home? Is he eager to lift off the household burdens from the frailer form at his side, and adjust them to his own broader shoulders? Especially, has he become, in a scriptural and meaning phrase, a nursing father to the little ones there? Are they only the playthings of his idle moments, with whom he frolics as so many kittens when he is good-natured, and looks upon as so many stumbling-blocks, to be kicked out of the way when he is moody and hasty; or are they young plants, to be watched and nurtured for the garden of God; youthful learners, to be taught the way of life; early pilgrims, whose feet he is to lead with his own in the path to heaven?

Show me the evidence that he has discerned and accepted his most privileged and responsible calling of nurseryman for the great Husbandman in this little plantation of immortals. I wish to see him kneel with his right arm around his eldest born, and his left on the cradle of his babe; to hear him — with a tax which he shall feel, because it is painstaking study and effort, and yet for love's sake shall not feel, because it is freely and gladly borne — reading and expounding to young learners the way of truth and salvation. If his heart is not turned to his children, it is not turned to Christ.

Christ came to teach a pure morality, and assert the necessity of a perfect law-keeping, but does not expect to find it in us: he therefore wrought it for us.

REV. JOHN JANEWAY.

BEING evidently in a decline, he could have but little hope of life; yet he was so far from being alarmed, that he received the sentence of death in himself with great joy. In order to wean his friends from him, and his affections from them, "he was ashamed to desire and pray for life." "O," said he, "is there anything here more desirable than the enjoyment of Christ? Can I expect anything below comparable to that blessed vision? O that crown! that rest which remains for the people of God; and, blessed be God, I can say I know it is mine. I know that when this tabernacle of clay shall be dissolved, I have a house not made with hands; to me to live is Christ, and to die is gain." And when he perceived one of his nearest relations greatly troubled at the thoughts of his death, he charged him not to pray for his life, except it were purely for the glory of God. "I beg you," said he, "to keep your minds in a submissive frame to the will of God concerning me. The Lord take you nearer to himself, that you may walk with him; to whom if I go before, I hope you will follow after."

He was much concerned about ministers, that they should be careful not to be engaged in low and sordid designs. He judged that to take up the ministry as a secular employment, and to aggrandize self, was absolutely inconsistent with the spirit of a true gospel minister. He thought it necessary that they who were devoted to the ministry should have first given themselves and their all to God, and be filled with a real disinterested affection to precious and immortal souls, that they might more ardently promote his glory.

He was full of compassion to souls, and would greatly lament the barrenness of Christians in their converse with each other. He once sat down silent, and took out his pen and ink, and wrote the conversation that passed between some friends,

even some who professed more than common understanding in the things of God; and after a while he took his paper and read it to them, and asked them whether such talk was that which they would be willing God should record. "O," says he, "to spend an hour or two together, and to hear scarce a word for Christ, or that speaks people's hearts in love with holiness! Where is our love to God and souls all this while? Where is our sense of the preciousness of time? — of the greatness of our account? Should we talk thus if we believed we should hear of it again at the day of judgment? Doth not this speak aloud our hearts to be very empty of grace, and that we have little sense of spiritual and eternal concerns?"

When he felt his body ready to faint, he called to his mother and said, "Dear mother, I am dying, but I beseech you be not troubled, for I am, through mercy, quite above the fears of death. It is no great matter; I have nothing to trouble me but the apprehensions of your grief. I am going to him whom I love above life."

It pleased the Lord to raise him again out of this fainting, having yet something more for him to do. His graces were never more active; his soul was almost filled with joy unspeakable and full of glory. How would he cry out, "O that I could but let you know what I now feel! O that I could but show you what I now see! O that I could express the thousandth part of that sweetness which I now find in Christ! You would all think it well worth the while to make it your business to be religious. O my dear friends, we little think what Christ is worth upon a death-bed. I would not for a world, nay, for a million of worlds, be now without Christ and pardon. I would not for a world be required to live any longer. The very thought of a possibility of recovery makes me even tremble.

"O," says he, "how sweet is Jesus! Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly! Death,

do thy worst. Death has lost its terrible-ness. Death is nothing, I say death is nothing, through grace to me. I can as easily die as shut my eyes, or turn my head and sleep. I long to be with Christ, I long to die!"

His mother and his brethren standing by him, he said, "Dear mother, I beseech you earnestly, as ever I desired anything of you in all my life, that you would cheerfully give me up to Christ. I beseech you do not hinder me, now I am going to rest and glory. I am afraid of your prayers, lest they pull one way, and mine another." And then, turning to his brethren, he said, "I charge you all, do not pray for my life any more. You do me wrong if you do. O that glory, that unspeakable glory which I behold! My heart is full, my heart is full. Christ smiles, and I cannot but smile. Can you find in your heart to stop me, who am now going to the complete and everlasting enjoyment of Christ? Would you keep me from my crown? The arms of my blessed Saviour are open to embrace me. The angels stand ready to carry my soul into his bosom. O did you but see what I see, you would all cry out with me, How long, dear Lord, how long! Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly! O, why are his chariot wheels so long a coming?"

A minister came often to visit him, and discoursed with him of the excellency of Christ, and the glory of the invisible world. "Sir," said he, "I feel something of it. My heart is as full as it can hold in this lower state. I can hold no more here. O that I could but let you know what I feel!"

Though he was, towards his end, usually in a triumphant frame, yet he had some small intermissions. He would cry out, "Hold out, faith and patience, yet a little while, and your work is done;" and when he found not his heart raised up to the highest pitch of thankfulness, admiration and love, he would bemoan himself, and cry out in this language: "And what is the matter now, O my soul? What! wilt

thou, canst thou, thus slight this admirable and astonishing condescension of God to thee? Seems it a small matter that the great Jehovah should deal familiarly with this worm?"

And then he breaks out again into another ecstasy of joy and praise: "Stand astonished, O ye heavens, and wonder, O ye angels, at this infinite grace! Was ever any under heaven more beholden to free grace than I? O, bless the Lord with me! Come, let us shout for joy, and boast in the God of our salvation. O, help me to praise the Lord, for his mercy endureth forever."

Another of his brethren praying with him, seeing him near his dissolution, desired that the Lord would be pleased to continue those extraordinary comforts to him. At the end of the prayer, he burst out into a wonderful ecstasy of joy, crying out, Amen, Amen, Amen. Hallelujah!"

An aged minister repeatedly said that he never saw, nor read, nor heard the like. He talked as if he had been in the third heavens, and brake out into such words as these:—

"O, he is come! He is come! O how sweet, how glorious is the blessed Jesus! How shall I do to speak the thousandth part of his praises! O for words to set forth a little of that excellency! But it is inexpressible! O how excellent, glorious and lovely is this precious Jesus! He is sweet. He is altogether lovely.

"O my friends, stand and wonder; come, look upon a dying man and wonder. I cannot myself but wonder. Was there ever a greater kindness? Was there ever more sensible manifestations of rich grace? O, why me, Lord? Why me? Sure this is akin to heaven; and if I were never to enjoy more than this, it were well worth all the torments men and devils could invent, to come through even a hell to such transcendent joys as these. If this be dying, dying is sweet. Let no Christian ever be afraid of dying. O, death is sweet

to me ; this bed is soft. Christ's arms, his smiles and visits, sure they would turn hell into heaven ! O that you did but see and feel as I do ! Come and behold a dying man more cheerful than ever you saw any healthful man in the midst of his sweetest enjoyments. O sirs, worldly pleasures are pitiful things compared with one glimpse of his glory which shines so strongly into my soul. O, why should any of you be so sad, when I am so glad ! This, this is the hour that I have waited for."

About forty-eight hours before his death his eyes were dim, his sight failed, and every part had the symptoms of death upon it. Yet even then, if possible, his joys were greater still. He spake like one entering into the gates of the New Jerusalem ; not a word dropped from his mouth but it breathed of Christ and heaven ; most of his work was praise ; a hundred times admiring the boundless love of God to him. "O, why me, Lord ? why me ?"

He took leave of his friends every evening, expecting to see them no more until the morning of the resurrection. "Now," says the dying saint, "I want but one thing, and that is a speedy lift to heaven. O, help me, help me to praise and admire him that hath done such astonishing wonders for my soul ! Come, help me with praise ; all is too little. Come, help me, all ye glorious and mighty angels, who are skilful in this heavenly work of praise. Praise is now my work, and I shall be engaged in that sweet employment forever. Come, let us lift up our voice in praise ; I with you, as long as my breath doth last, and when I have none I shall do it better."

According to his desire, most of the time was spent in praise, and he would still be crying out, "More praise still ! O help me to praise him ! I have nothing else to do, I have nothing else to do. I have done with prayer, and all other ordinances. I have almost done with conversing with mortals. I shall presently be beholding Christ himself, that died for me, and loved me, and washed me in his blood.

I shall in a few hours be in eternity, singing the song of Moses and the song of the Lamb. I shall presently stand upon Mount Zion with an innumerable company of angels, and the spirits of the just made perfect, and Jesus the mediator of the new covenant. I shall hear the voice of much people, and be one amongst them which say, Hallelujah, salvation, glory, and honor, and power, unto the Lord our God ! And again, we say, Hallelujah ! Methinks I stand as it were one foot in heaven and the other on earth. Methinks I hear the melody of heaven, and by faith I see the angels waiting to carry my soul to the bosom of Jesus, and I shall be forever with the Lord in glory. And who can choose but rejoice in all this ?"

The day before his death he looked earnestly upon his brother James, and said, "I thank thee, dear brother, for thy love ; thou art praying for me, and I know thou lovest me dearly ; but Christ loveth me ten thousand times more than thou dost. Come and kiss me, dear brother, before I die." And then with his cold, dying lips he kissed him, and said, "I shall go before, and I hope thou shalt follow after to glory."

A few hours before his death he called his relations and brethren together, that he might bless them, and pray for them, which he did with much affection, authority, and spirituality. Then the godly minister who used to visit him came to pay his last visit. When he spake to him, his heart was in a flame of love and joy, which drew tears from the holy man, being amazed to hear a dying man talk as if he had been with Jesus, and come from the immediate presence of God. O the smiles that were then in his face, and the unspeakable joy that was in his heart ! One might have read grace and glory in his countenance. O the praises, the triumphant praises that he put up ! A little before he died, in prayer, or rather praise, he was so full of admiration, that he could scarce forbear shouting for joy ; and at length, with abundance

of faith and fervency, he said aloud,
"Amen, Amen."

And now his desires were soon satisfied.
Death was coming apace to do his last office. And after a few moments he turned himself on one side, and immediately fell asleep in Jesus, June, 1657, aged twenty-four.

THE SHADOWS OF THE CROSS.

OPPRESSED with noon-day's scorching heat,
To yonder cross I flee;
Beneath its shelter take my seat:
No shade like this for me!

Beneath that cross clear waters burst,
A fountain sparkling free;
And there I quench my burning thirst;
No spring like this for me!

A stranger here, I pitch my tent
Beneath this spreading tree;
Here shall my pilgrim life be spent;
No home like this for me!

For burdened ones a resting place
Beside that cross I see;
Here I cast off my weariness;
No rest like this for me!

HOLY ASPIRATIONS.

"I, PAUL, am crucified with Christ," living
while I am dead!

This is a Christian paradox, which I have often
read;

But now, this union with my God I crave with
warm desire;

I long to feel within my heart a flame of holy
fire,

Consuming all the dross within; and night
shades flee away,

Dissolved before the brightness of the glorious
king of day.

Blest Sun of Righteousness, arise with healing
on thy wings,

Dispel all mists of worldliness; give me for
heavenly things

Assimilation sweet, dear Lord, that I by faith
may live,

And know that heavenly union here which thou
alone canst give.

Oh, be it mine to say, with Paul, "I live, and
yet not I;

But Christ now dwelleth in me." His Spirit
will supply

The faith and love I daily need. He gave him-
self for me,

And I shall reign with him, in heaven, through-
out eternity.

ALONE WITHOUT GOD.

WHERE'ER it is, where God is not,
Is felt a solitude profound,
A dark, mysterious desert spot
Within the godless soul is found.

Though pleasure spreads her gauzy wing
Above the pleasure-seeking throng,
And flattering crowds invite him in,
He bears his solitude along.

Obsequious at his command,
May wait the servile multitude;
Though loving ones attend his board,
Within is only solitude.

It is not in the forest dense,
Where rise the goodly pines and firs,
For God is there in thousand forms,
His temple thronged with worshippers.

How all things yearn for sympathy;
The drops their neighbor-drops embrace,
And hand in hand how joyfully
On to the ocean run their race.

The ivy and the tender vine
Reach out for some strong nervous arm,
Whereon to cling and grow and twine,
Secure from winds' and storms' alarm.

The tiny seed within the ground
Yearns to behold the sun's bright face;
Rolls the small stone from off its tomb,
And leaps into the fond embrace.

Thus nature quits her solitudes;
Afar from home she cannot rest;
All gross obstructions she eludes,
And hastens to her parent breast.

Then, O thou soul, awake, awake!
O'er barren wastes no longer plod;
Cry out for strength your bonds to break;
Away, away, and find your God!

THE DIVINE LIFE.

"But he that is joined to the Lord, is one spirit."—1 Cor.
vi. 17.

OH, sacred union with the Perfect Mind!
Transcendent bliss, which Thou alone canst give!
How blest are they this pearl of price who find,
And, dead to earth, have learnt in Thee to live.

Thus, in thine arms of love, O God, I lie,
Lost, and forever lost, to all but thee.
My happy soul, since it hath learned to die,
Hath found new life in thine Infinity.

Oh, go, and learn this lesson of the Cross;
And tread the way which saints and prophets
trod,
Who, counting life, and self, and all things loss,
Have found in inward death the life of God.

THOUGHTS ON HOLINESS.—ON THE RELATION OF SUFFERING TO SANCTIFICATION.

THE way of those who truly and deeply believe, like that trodden by the divine Master in whom they have trusted, is a path of thorns. The most eminent Christians have, as a general thing, been called to pass through the greatest sufferings. Infinite wisdom, which explains the means it uses by the results that follow, has seen fit to connect their sufferings with their sanctification. God has seen it to be necessary that they should suffer, not only for the good of others, which they could easily understand, but also for their own good, the reasons of which it was more difficult to see. A few remarks will explain, in part, the nature of this necessity.

2. A heart *unsanctified* is a heart which has become disordered in its attachments. Its desires, separated from their true centre, are either given to wrong objects, or, by being inordinate, act in a wrong degree. The sanctification of the heart is its restoration from this wrong state. And this is done by a course the reverse of that which sin has previously prompted it to take, namely, by taking the desires from wrong objects and by suppressing all their inordinate action. But such is the nature of the desires, that this cannot be done without the experience of much suffering.

A man, for instance, desires wealth. If this desire is disappointed, if the wealth which he desired is placed beyond his reach, he suffers. It is not a matter of choice, but of mental law. And in that sense it is a matter of necessity. A man desires friends, honors, power, reputation, influence, pleasures. If he does not obtain them, his heart bleeds. And of course the degree of the suffering will be in proportion to the intensity of the desire. If the desire exists in the highest degree, the suffering attendant on its resistance and suppression will be very great.

3. God, who is the author of sanctification, as he is of everything else except sin, knows what is in the human heart. He knows, better than any other being, the truth and the dreadful import of the fact that the hearts of men, so far as they are left to themselves, are full of unholy desires; and it is his design, through the death of his Son and by the application of his grace, to restore them from this state. He means, if they will yield to and co-operate with his purposes, to separate them from all such unholy feelings; but as the separation of so strong a tie cannot be effected without suffering, he means they shall suffer. The way in which he proposes to lead them is the way of the cross. "And whosoever," says the Saviour, "doth not bear his cross, and come after me, *cannot* be my disciple." Luke xiv. 27.

4. But it will be said, perhaps, that we have the promise of sanctification through *faith*. And it is readily and joyfully admitted that there are a multitude of passages of Scripture which ascribe our inward restoration in all respects to faith in God, and to that grace which is experienced through the merits of his Son. But still it is nowhere said or intimated that we are sanctified by faith *without suffering*. It is faith which first inspires the thought of a separation from the world; it is faith which brings us into harmony with God, and secures strength from him; it is faith undoubtedly which gives us the victory, but not the victory *without a contest*. Faith works by love and purifies the heart; but the love which faith inspires is the love of God, contending with and purifying the heart from the love of the world. Such a strife cannot exist without pain.

5. But it is not enough to say, that the restoration of the soul from an unsanctified to a holy state involves as a general thing, in consequence of the nature of the process, the *necessity* of suffering; undoubtedly it is a necessity, but it is also a *privilege*. We not only necessarily suffer

in being separated from the world, but the suffering itself indirectly gives strength to sustain us in the separation, and it does it in this way.

In a state of suffering, we naturally look somewhere for relief from it, or for support during its continuance. Generally speaking, our attention is first directed for aid to persons or objects near at hand. We lean upon a human arm, or upon a frail earthly object of some kind. But the result of our experience is, that nothing but a divine power can give us adequate support. We turn, in the season of our distresses, from the creature to God; and we never do this in sincerity, without finding in him a degree of support which we can find nowhere else.

On this point, heathenism itself furnishes instruction. It is worthy of notice that disappointment and sorrow have a great influence in inspiring the sentiments and practices of their imperfect worship, even in the minds of those who have known nothing of the Christian religion. "*Res adversæ*," said the Roman Camillus, after recounting the calamities and sufferings of his countrymen, — "*res adversæ admonuerunt religionum*." And however we may explain it, it will be found the general rule among all classes of men, and in all situations, that *sorrow leads to religion*.

6. The tendency of suffering is not only to lead us to God, as the only being who can help us, but to keep us there. The general result, in the case of Christians, is, the more they suffer the more they trust, and the more they trust the more will the principle of trust or faith be strengthened. So that affliction, by impressing the necessity of higher aid than human, tends not only to originate faith in God, but indirectly to increase it.

And it may be added further, it is difficult to see how faith can be much strengthened in any other way. When we walk by faith, we walk, in a certain sense, in darkness. If it were perfectly light around us, we should not walk by faith, but by

open vision. Faith is a light to the soul; but it is the very condition of its existence that it shall have a dark place to shine in. It is faith which conducts us, but our journey is through shadows. And this illustrates the meaning of certain expressions frequently found in the experimental writings of Dionysius the Areopagite, and other writers who hold similar views, such as the "*night of faith*," "*the divine darkness*," "*the obscure night of faith*," and the like.

It is hardly necessary to say that darkness or night, in its application to the mind, is a figurative expression, and means trial or suffering, attended with ignorance of the issues and objects of that suffering. And accordingly, these writers teach, in harmony with other experimental writers, that seasons of trial, leading to the exercise of faith, are exceedingly profitable. The Biblical writers, whom they profess to follow, obviously teach the same. "Persecuted," says the apostle, "but not forsaken; cast down, but not destroyed; always bearing about in the body *the dying of the Lord Jesus*, that the life also of Jesus might be made manifest in our body." And again, "Our light affliction, which is but for a moment, worketh for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory." 2 Cor. iv. 9, 10, 17.

7. In sustaining the remark, that suffering may be regarded as a spiritual privilege, we are led to add here, that pleasure, which is the opposite of suffering, is *not* a good or privilege, unless it be the true pleasure. It is far better to suffer than to experience any pleasure in this life, either inward or outward, which God himself does not give. The only true pleasure is in doing and suffering God's will. There is an intoxicating and dangerous power in all pleasure which has not a divine sanction. One of its results is, even when it is characterized by thoughtlessness or levity rather than by crime, that it disturbs the natural and easy action of the mind, so that we cannot perceive and understand

the truth so easily as we should otherwise do. This want of clearness of perception is attended with a confusion and divided state of *feeling*. In other words, it is apt to leave what may be called, figuratively, a cloud, a mist before the mind; shutting out, or preventing, the pleasant clearness of God's presence.

8. It is well for us to suffer, among other things, that we may have a better understanding of the situation of others who suffer, and may have more sympathy with them. A fallen world, where evil is continually striving with good, is not the garden where true and unalloyed happiness may be expected to grow. Suffering, whatever distinctions grace may make among men, places us on a level with the common lot of humanity, and leads us continually to think of and to feel for sinners.

9. Another of the benefits, connected with the endurance of suffering, is, that when endured in the fulness of Christ's dispositions, it imparts true liberty of spirit. It is hardly necessary to say that there can be no bondage to the mind that cheerfully lays all the world's gifts upon God's altar. It finds its riches in having nothing, and realizes the feeling of its freedom in the fact that it has no choice separate from God's choice.

10. Again, when suffering is attended with right affections, it becomes one of the strongest, and perhaps the only satisfactory evidence of true love. If God should bestow upon us mercies alone, without trials, it might be difficult to say whether we loved him for himself, or only for the blessings he gave. But if our affection remains unshaken under the trials he sees fit to send, we have good reason to regard it as true. The love which exists and flourishes at such times is not a mere accessory, dependent for its continuance upon circumstances, but is a permanent principle.

11. These considerations do not exhaust the subject, but they may lead to reflection and self-examination on the part of

the reader. Two remarks only remain to be added here. One is this:—

When we lay down the general principle, that deprivations and sufferings are favorable to the exercise and growth of faith, we would not limit the remark to what we lose or suffer *outwardly*;—to the loss, for instance, of health, property, personal influence, reputation, and human friendships, and to the sorrows resulting from these causes. We include also sorrows of mind, such as result from specific and heavy temptations, and from a general and deep feeling of spiritual desolation, which sometimes exists in connection with such temptations.

12. The other remark is this: It is not enough merely to be patient under suffering; the highest spiritual experience requires us to *rejoice* in it. At least, it requires us to rejoice in all that suffering which results from a loss of those worldly possessions which are dangerous to us, and from the suppression of wrong desires. If we are satisfied that we cannot be fully sanctified without suffering, we ought to rejoice in it as our greatest good. We ought to rejoice in it because it strengthens our faith, because it gives us the victory over sin, because it makes us partakers of Christ's sufferings, because it enables us to fulfil the will of God, because it leads to everlasting life.

TEMPTATION.

CONVICTION is not condemnation. You may be convinced, yet not condemned; convinced of useless thoughts or words, and yet not condemned for them. You are condemned for nothing if you love God, and continue to give him your whole heart.

Certainly, spiritual temptations will pass through your spirit; else you could not feel them. I believe I understand your state better than you do yourself. Do not perplex yourself at all about what you shall call it. You are a child of God, a

member of Christ, an heir of the kingdom. What you have, hold fast, whatever name is given to it, and you shall have all that God has prepared for them that love him. Certainly you do need more faith; for you are a tender, sickly plant. But see, —

“Faith while yet you ask is given;
God comes down, the God and Lord,
That made both earth and heaven!”

You cannot live on what you did yesterday. Therefore, he comes to-day. He comes to destroy that tendency to levity, to severe judging, to anything that is not of God. Peace be with your spirit.

PERFECT LOVE ENJOYED.

“What we have felt and seen,
With confidence we tell.”

BEFORE I understood the “way of holiness,” I thought him a proud man who dared to avow an experience in perfect love. Saved from sin! Why, to believe it seemed the height of presumption. Ostentation preposterous! How *could* a man be “pure in heart” who had self-conceit enough to say so? Where was the humility which would admit such an assumption?

O! how were the words, “through Jesus Christ our Lord, — through the blood of the Lamb,” sealed to me! How strangely different does the confession of a sanctified soul appear now! To doubt now the experience of perfect love would be to doubt the efficacy of the great atonement. I could not be a Christian without the experience that Jesus Christ *can* save to the uttermost. His precious blood *does* cleanse my poor soul from sin. I have found out that it *means* something to “believe on the Lord Jesus Christ,” — much more than I used to think. What a salvation is ours! so full! so free!

My soul is continually seeking opportunity to testify to the power and glorious reward of living faith. I lived so long without it, or with only its shadow, — O

how much I lost! To what heights of Christian experience — of life and love in the soul — might I have attained, had I found this pearl twenty years ago. Yet, sometimes, even now, when in reviewing the past I mourn over my slow progress in the divine life, I stop, and reproach myself that I do not rather praise God with all my ransomed powers for keeping me from falling.

Yes, he *did* keep me, all the long time. He chastened me, and tried me in various ways, and led me on step by step. I do praise him to-day that he gave me a teachable spirit, — a heart ever open to the conviction of truth, and ready to receive and profit by it. Indeed, I never understood how a soul could continue justified in full view of any spiritual blessing, without earnestly seeking it.

But I was blind. I did not seek the *light* with all my heart. Would that I had begun earlier to “search the Scriptures.” This neglect was my sin. Oh, the forbearance of my God! How *can* I express my gratitude for his dealings and leadings? How long I lived charitably overlooking sin in others, and excusing it in myself, yet all the while wondering that I did not hate it more! I honestly thought it must be so, till “this mortal should put on immortality.” I believed, moreover, that the trying and failing, the sorrowing, regretting, and repenting consequent on such a course, was but the Christian’s conflict; but still hoped in some way, I knew not how or when, to gain the victory by and by.

And, bless God, the day of victory has come sooner than I expected. Sin, why it is “the abominable thing which my soul hateth.” I hate it with perfect hatred. I am no longer its bond slave, — through blood divine I am free. “Glory to the Lamb.”

The feeble branch wondered long that it did not bear more fruit, for it was ever “in labors abundant;” but it is all plain now, — it needed “purging,” pruning.

The light of God reveals "the hidden things of darkness," — pride, self-esteem, self-complacency, love of approbation, disguised in the laudable desire to gain the confidence of others, in order the better to influence them on the side of truth. The Holy Spirit showed the need of an inward crucifixion; bade faith, weak though it was, grasp the two-edged sword, look up for power to use it, and begin its piercing, probing work, seeking out the secret, lurking selfishness of unsanctified desire; "cutting off the right hand," "plucking out the right eye," and severing every tie which kept the spirit groveling in dust, away from its own native element, — its nobler sphere of glorious freedom and lofty aspiration, worthy its immortality.

Then followed the losing of self; the sinking into nothing; the emptiness; the hungering, the thirsting. O! how meagre earth's vanities to satisfy such longings, such groanings after the fainting, broken, contrite spirit's only satisfying portion, — God! Such waiting before the Lord to be washed, to be cleansed! Such hoping, such looking up and expecting, — the door of the heart wide open to receive, — until the ever blessed Jesus took possession of the temple his own precious blood had purified and his Holy Spirit had fitted up! Now, bless his holy name, he reigns there supreme.

Oh, the recompense of simple faith, — the mystery of Infinite Love!

"Nothing but sin had I to give,
Nothing but love did I receive."

How it expands the soul: this taking in, — this filling up with love — with God! My heart is enlarged while I write. "My Beloved is mine, and I am his." O blessed, precious union with Christ! All earthly attachments seem cold in comparison. Not that they are less, but that he is infinitely more, — "the chiefest among ten thousand, and the one *altogether* lovely."

Oh, this sweet repose! What is it but "partaking of the divine nature?" No more doubts, no more fears. Now I know when I pray that I am heard; for it is not I alone that prays, but "Christ dwelling in me;" and his Father and my Father "heareth *him* always." "Sing, O ye heavens; for the Lord hath done it: shout, ye lower parts of the earth; break forth into singing, ye mountains, O forest, and every tree therein; for the Lord hath redeemed Jacob, and glorified himself in Israel."

"THEY GO FROM STRENGTH TO STRENGTH."

THE memory of one ancient king I love especially to recall. Dear to my heart is the record of good old David's history. His love, his obedience, fain would I copy.

Although the Psalmist had endured many of life's ills, felt many of its sorrows, yet was he led to exclaim from the depths of a full heart, "those in Zion go from strength to strength."

How safe is that one who puts his trust implicitly in Jesus; who goes on in his strength, feeling assured that he will never leave nor forsake those who love him.

Truly the path of life is not then a dark and cheerless way,

"Where storms of sorrow fall."

No! although the Christian has the promise, "In the world ye shall have tribulation," yet close by its side is the word of comfort, which seems to encircle it with a halo of brightness, — "Be of good cheer, I have overcome the world."

As the pilgrim pursues his heavenly journey, each day's trials, when past, leaves the number of them one the less; each besetting sin when overcome yields him strength to rise above each subsequent temptation in life.

When weary, and the mountains of care seem to bid defiance to the worn traveller, then does the "guiding star" brighten the path—"he giveth more grace." On wings of love triumphantly he rises, and with conquering palm he shouts the victor's song. But may the sanctified heart overcome *all* through Christ, who strengthens him? Yes, —

"Rise o'er sin, and fear, and care;
Joy to find in every station
Something still to do or bear."

Well might the inspired penman feel assured that the child of dust may "go from strength to strength," while heavenly manna nourishes the soul, and while Faith's unveiled eye views the heavenly sunbeams illuminating his path by day, and the arms of Love encircling him through the watches of the night. Could he feel otherwise than safe while the Infinite Father careth for him?

"He goes from strength to strength," knowing that just beyond the Jordan of death lies the promised land. From Pisgah's height exultingly he views his distant home.

"On angel pinions, now, he bears his sheaves
along,
With soul delighted, free, he sings the heavenly
song,
And leaving all behind, charmed with the view
before,
He on 'from strength to strength' soars upward
evermore."

COUNT THEM.

COUNT what? Why, count the mercies which have been quietly falling in your path through every period of your history. Down they come every morning and evening, angel messengers from the Father of lights, to tell you of your best Friend in heaven. Have you lived these years, wasting mercies, treading them beneath your feet, and consuming them every day, and never yet realized from whence they came? If you have, heaven pity you!

You have murmured under your affliction, but who has heard you rejoice over your blessings? Do you ask what are these mercies? Ask the sunbeam, the rain-drop, the star, or the queen of night. What is life but a mercy? What is the propriety of stopping to play with a thorn-bush, when you may just as well pluck sweet flowers and eat pleasant fruits? Happy is he who looks at the bright side of life, of providence, and of revelation; who avoids thorns and sloughs until his Christian growth is such that, if he cannot improve them, he may pass among them without injury. Count mercies before you complain of affliction.

DIVINE PROMISE, — THE HOPE OF THE CHURCH.

WHAT a treasure to the church are the promises which abound throughout the sacred volume. No arithmetical computation, or even powers of description, can give to the mind even a glance of the value she derives from them. Their variety is so great, and their sentiment so clear, that they are immediately adapted to every position, however peculiar, in which the church may possibly be placed. There is no doubt that the trials which have already beaten against God's militant host have been as severe in their nature, and disastrous in their intent, as any which they may yet meet in the wilderness. And, certainly, would they have overcome the trembling patience of our forefathers, were it not for those hallowed expressions of God, promising defence, comfort, and victory. I almost see through the mist of past years the moral courage, and ardent, holy zeal, inspiring the threatened martyred host, who, following each other to their post of duty in the face of death, appeared to listen to the voice of their God, — "*Lo! I am with you always, even unto the end of the world.*" "*Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life.*"

Luther's Bible would have closed to his touch, notwithstanding the light it had given him, arousing him as it did to a sense of the darkness and guilt in the usages and faith of the Church of Rome; and Christianity's fire would have longer been permitted to smother, as it then did, beneath the soil, covered by superstition, *but for the hallowing, inspiring promises which that Holy Book unfolded to him.* See him, in his ascent of "Peter's steps," stop and think, light bursting in upon his dark mind, clear as noonday. That light not only disclosed to him his own wretchedness, but in that disclosure he has revealed to him the peril of the church, the danger of a world. Well might he have shrunk from an honest expression of his changed mind. But the God that gave light, gave the promise of success and defence in its search. "*My word shall not return to me void.*" He descends, and without a tremor, in the face of infuriated priests, breaks the crust that had concealed the holy fire, and down the sides of the volcano he aroused ran the holy lava into Switzerland, then into Spain, and then into Britain. His courage soon inspired others; and as, in the face of persecution, in all the forms Hell could invent, men of holy ardor and fervent piety have watched over the interests of the church from that eventful period till the present, their fortitude and perseverance must not be traced to any inherent boldness, or unflinching zeal natural to their being, *but to the inspiration they caught from the promises whispered by their God, through the medium of his Holy Word.*

Who can delineate the character of opposing influence as it has presented itself in the way of Christianity's advancement? Could the dust come forth again, could its spirit speak, what a history would sainted missionaries of the cross present to us: the frowns they met, the persecutions they encountered, the rapid growth of superstitions, which to heathen,

depraved minds were most palatable,—all these freezing their zeal, and making dumb their speech. Oh, would they not speak of the closet refreshment; the Bible courage; the holy inspiration; the more than human boldness with which they faced these difficulties and succeeded,—all attributable to the divine promises? Those dark lands would have helplessly yielded to their darkness, and their teeming millions would have been obliged to wait till the dust returned to dust ere a Saviour's name would have greeted them, had it not been for the encouragements afforded in the Bible. But by those promises a Coke willingly embraces a voyage of mercy which unfortunately proved one of death (though his ocean burial doubtless contributed more than we think to the accomplishment of the evangelization of Ceylon). A Carey, Williams, Wesley, Hunt, Knibb, and a host of others, forgot their toils, smiled on the waves, bore with manly patience the sneers of those they went to save; and even their new homes, fraught with privation, and too often with want, were made palaces brilliant by the lustre of the divine promises.

Surely, in these times, while wars and rumors of wars make the church tremble, the promises which have all along its history strengthened its arm will prove amply sufficient to preserve her cheer, provide her strength, and defend her rights.

The church certainly possesses her enemies as well as her difficulties,—enemies who profess friendship to the world, and against whom it becomes us to be faithful and firm. It is possible for us to take such comfort from promises of divine aid, as to forget that to secure that aid it is an absolute necessity that we watch with care, and preserve with firmness the purity, and advance the interests of that church. Now if we are to claim and enjoy the promises, the trust reposed in us must be sacredly kept.

It need not be said that in addition to

the superstitions which belong to certain creeds of long life, there are arising continually different forms of infidelity to which the pure gospel should unflinchingly be directed. No reader of the notorious Essays and Reviews can be blind to the fact that infidelity is not sparse of means by which to inculcate its deleterious principles. And as, in other forms, Satan is trying intelligently to oppose the Bible, it becomes us to array ourselves in battle, and, trusting to the God of promise, fearless of defeat, endeavor to build up Zion, though it be amid the missiles of the world's persecutions.

The promises of God's word not only refer the church to resources on which she may lean while she is fighting her battles, but to the grand consummation of all her hopes, the fruits of all her toil, the victory of all her battles. A church without anything to do would not be comfortable, and without a prospect to cheer its trust would be burdensome. The warrior's hands would hang in languor by his side did he not cherish a lingering hope that his feet would tread the floors of the besieged citadel. It is so with God's hosts. We know that victory will turn on Israel's side, "*for the mouth of the Lord hath spoken it.*" Let Rome disseminate her groundless faith, her wild doctrines. Let Mohammedanism boast, and Paganism boast in her idols, and the "seven essayists" boast in the logic of their unscriptural arguments; and even let them be joined by as many more in the production of such injurious literature, *the day is coming*, LORD HASTEN IT, when the pure, unadulterated truth shall prosper above them all, and their systems shall feel the crushing foot of an avenging God.

Let us glory *only* in the strength promised, and in the merits of a Saviour provided; the beauty of the Lord will then be upon us, and all that has been promised will be realized.

CALEDONIA, C. W.

AN EXPERIENCE OF THE WITNESS OF THE SPIRIT.

I HAVE ever felt a deep interest in the experience, whether written or verbal, of those who were travelling from the city of destruction to the "Christian's home in glory," and have often found in those experiences just such lessons of instruction as I needed. For although we may not expect our experience to be just like that of others, we may profit by the victories, and even by the defeats of those who have "fought the good fight of faith" in the army of the Lord.

It is for the glory of God that his people tell how he hath led them through the wilderness, shielded them from the armies of the aliens, and brought them into the promised land. Yet, strange to tell, I have for years been shrinking from this duty, except in class, love-feast or social converse.

My experience is perhaps unlike that of all others, in that my sins were pardoned several months before I received the spirit of adoption. Be not startled; for if this is not good theology, it is, at least, my experience, and the very best I was ever able to obtain on that point. True, its singularity caused me a great many severe conflicts and despairing hours; but the Lord gave me victory; and I now believe that this very singular experience will bear investigation; for we are to *ask* and receive, *ask expecting* to receive; and have no right to expect *what* we do not ask for.

I had been used to the language of prayer ever since at my mother's knee I learned to say "Our Father" and "Now I lay me," &c. I had all along, through early years, been conscious of the persuasive influences of the Holy Spirit, and used often, with heart as well as voice, to sing,—

"Here's my heart, O take and seal it,
Seal it for thy courts above."

For some years I had been a student in that nursery of piety, the Sabbath school.

I revered Christians, believed they were *almost* angels; yet my mind was dark as to the *way* into the faith and family of God.

While in that state of mind, a friend, a professor of religion, said to me, "L——, I wish you were a Christian." I made no answer, and the subject was dropped. But that remark was registered by power divine, and was soon flying on the wings of memory through all the chambers of my soul. Alone or in company, by night or by day, "wish you were a Christian" was continually echoing and re-echoing across my spirit's ear, until I sorrowfully answered, Well, if I am not a Christian what am I? And conscience said, A sinner; there are but two distinct grades of character in God's sight; a Christian is Christ-like, and you are not like him. No, I am not, was the response of my burdened heart. With the Bible for my companion, in my chamber, upon my knees, I looked at myself until I *saw* that I *was* a sinner, a justly condemned sinner.

How wretched I was! Whichever way I turned for light, the darkness grew more dense, while around me stood, in dark array, the sins of all the past,—my unholy tempers, my stubborn will, unkind words, and broken resolutions to be good. From my earliest years I had been in love with Christianity and intending to be a Christian. But ah! I had failed, and was, instead, a poor, despairing sinner. The Bible was my only counsellor, and earnestly did I study it to learn *how* vile I was, and if God *could* pardon me.

I have no recollection of being troubled about a future punishment, an eternal death; but my trouble was, that I was already dead to goodness, and altogether *unlike* the pure and holy Lamb of God, whom I ought to be like. Thus I wept and prayed, and studied the Holy Book, for two or three weeks; and the Lord was with me, leading me, though I knew it not, till one day, while I was mournfully singing,—

"Show pity, Lord, O Lord, forgive;
Let a repenting rebel live:
Are not thy mercies large and free?
May not a sinner trust in thee?"

the deep of my heart was broken up, and tears almost rained over the work in my hands; still I sung on,—

"Yet save a trembling sinner, Lord,
Whose hope, still hovering round thy word,
Would light on some sweet promise there,
Some sure support against despair."

Quick as thought, a light from above entered sweetly into my heart, and all my grief was gone. Love to God sprang up in my soul, pervading and encompassing my entire being. My God was reconciled, and had given unto me the "oil of joy for mourning, the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness." I had prayed for pardon, for deliverance from sin. The answer came, bringing with it unspeakable joy; and, like a child of fewer years, I was satisfied with the joy without attempting to analyze it.

Months passed, and, called by another name, I left my father's house for a home hundreds of miles away, and found myself associated with Methodism, as it was twenty-five or thirty years ago. A class met near my home, composed in part of young ladies, whose "lamps" of devotion were always "trimmed and burning." These I soon learned to love; and they as soon manifested a deep interest in the youthful stranger, who *was not* a professor of religion. A quarterly meeting approached, and to it I looked forward, resolved to make it the time of my espousals to God, earnestly praying that the great Shepherd would meet me there, and that I might be —

"Gathered into the fold, with believers enrolled,
With believers to live and to die."

Saturday evening of the meeting came; and in those days *that* evening always brought with it special services, for the benefit of poor sinners. I listened to the call for volunteers with intense interest, and as the sweet strains of the invitation-

song were rolling through the house, I stood trembling with sacred awe, resolving, yet hesitating, to approach the altar, and ask the King for heirship to a crown of life. Just then one of those dear sisters laid her hand gently on mine, and without a word we walked forward, and I knelt at the altar.

Hour after hour flew swiftly by, while, surrounded by penitents and believers, I, like the impotent man at the pool, "waited for the moving of the waters," determined not to go back, yet seeing not how to go forward. I had turned my back upon the world to become a traveller in the way to heaven, and to *start right* was the great idea, *the only safe way*.

The charms of earth did not fetter me, nor the fear of the cross deter me, yet I lingered. The services closed, and we retired at about eleven o'clock. At the house of entertainment we had another season of prayer and sacred song.

From some cause the people were not so tenacious of their *right to sleep* in those days as is common now, often continuing in prayer till twelve or one o'clock, and yet always ready for the morning *love feast*.

Was it because they had more religious zeal? or less tenderness for "the outward man?" Whatever the cause might be, the result certainly was a more powerful baptism of the church, and a greater ingathering of souls. But I am digressing.

Sabbath morning came; that glorious Sabbath of *my public espousals* to the blessed Saviour. Of its earliest hours I have no recollection, till I was sitting on one of the movable seats in front of the pulpit. The house was filled, and the doors were shut, for it was the hour of morning love feast; and sometime during its prayers, — I cannot now tell when, — an invitation was given, that I do not remember to have heard given since, that, if any in the house desired the prayers of Christians, they should manifest it by rising up. In an instant I was on my feet, —

not even thinking it was a cross, for I had already resolved to do every duty, desiring above all things to be a *living Christian*.

How often since that hour have I been surprised at the hesitating, irresolute, non-committal manner of those who profess to be seekers of salvation. Alas! there are, comparatively, few who, like Bunyan's Pilgrim, stop their ears to all of earth, and cry, "Life! life! eternal life!"

But I have again wandered. In the prayer meeting, preceding evening preaching, I bowed with the worshippers and joined in the singing, almost ready to exclaim with the poet, —

"And if our fellowship below
In Jesus be so sweet,
What height of rapture shall we know
When round his throne we meet!"

Yet, I put aside the thought, lest I should rejoice too soon. During the singing the minister came reverently up the aisle; now, thought I, I'll see what the text and sermon contain for me; and when the preacher arose and read, "A little that a righteous man hath is better than the riches of many wicked," I hid the word in my heart, and listened to the sermon, fully believing that even *my* longings after "righteousness" were a *better* inheritance than all the earthly possessions of the neglecters of salvation.

Next came the prayer meeting, and I again bowed with the seekers of pardoning grace; but I seemed to be receding from, instead of drawing near to, God. Some who kneeled near me were weeping and praying in agony of spirit, and I was calm. Oh, how that calmness grieved me, for it seemed like mockery to so unfeelingly approach God, asking for so great a blessing! Yet in vain did I plead for conviction, for brokenness of spirit.

The shouts of *some* newly created in Christ Jesus were mingling with the songs of maturer Christians and the pleadings of those who seemed determined never to give the struggle over; while I, almost in

despair, could only say, Ah! that *I* were like some of these. Just at that trying time the minister, who had preached that evening, directed no doubt by the Holy Spirit, kneeled in the altar near me, and sympathizingly inquired if I had not, at some former period, obtained the pardon of my sins. My consciousness at once let go of all surrounding things, and, quick as thought, I stood in my Father's house, with tears of penitence on my cheeks, and peace and new-found joy flowing into my subdued and trembling heart, — and back to the altar I brought the assurance that *that* was the work of a forgiving God. Then, to the friend who counselled me, I related my former conviction for sin, my deep repentance, and the sweet relief which was given me, and was advised to believe in Jesus as *my* Saviour, and ask for the witness of the Holy Spirit.

How reasonable this appeared to my perplexed and weary heart, and I immediately set about complying with the directions; but I had scarcely turned the eye of faith heavenward, when light from the throne fell upon my spirit's vision, and all anxiety, doubt and fear were lost in its effulgence! How glorious seemed the place! How glorious the plan of redemption! And O how glorious my God — my adored Redeemer!

The witness of the Spirit was clear, unmistakable; and with a free heart I joined in singing,—

"My God is reconciled;
His pardoning voice I hear;
He owns me for his child;
I can no longer fear;
With confidence I now draw nigh,
And Father, Abba Father, cry."

SATISFIED WITH CHRIST.

"I shall be satisfied when I awake with thy likeness."—
Ps. xvii. 15.

I ASK no more — no more will vainly question
Of that far land to which my footsteps tend;
No vision ask of shining wall and bastion,
And golden streets, or vales where rivers bend

Through meads, all fragrant with immortal flowers,

With bending trees, fruit-laden, far and wide;
I only know that in those heavenly bowers
I shall be satisfied.

Oh, I have gazed, at the calm hour of even,
On this fair earth, with lovely dale and hill;
And I have asked if the bright fields of heaven
Could be more beautiful; and still — and still,
With all earth's loveliness around me lying,
With joy and beauty spread on every side,
My soul in anguish has been wildly crying,
"No, no! Unsatisfied!"

And oft when friends, beside the solemn river
That separates from immortality,
Have paused ere they have crossed its flood forever,
With eager, anguished tone my soul would cry
For some sure knowledge of their heavenly dwelling,
That land invisible where they abide;
But only this each placid face was telling,
"We shall be satisfied."

Ah! not the highest angel's brightest vision
Of that fair land whispered to mortal ear
Of palaced cities, vales and fields elysian,
Could be to our worn spirits half so dear
As that assurance of that yon immortal;
Tell me no more; if on the other side
Of death's dark flood, within the heavenly portal,
I shall be satisfied.

O blessed awakening! Welcome the calm slumber,
The dreamless rest, though dark and chill the bed;
Though nature shudder, countless years to number
In the lone city of the silent dead;
Yet welcome to this throbbing heart and aching,
For when the angel's trump, resounding wide,
Shall pierce the tomb, I, in that great awaking,
Shall with his likeness be well satisfied.

BEYOND THE RIVER.

Gould & Lincoln have just published, in the most inviting form, a volume of the choicest hymns that have been written upon the celestial world. They are entitled "Hymns on Heaven." The volume, which bears the evidence of assiduous labor and a chastened taste in its preparation, is edited by Rev. Dr. Thompson, the author of "The Better Land," and other similar volumes. The following beautiful lines were selected from the Dublin University Magazine.

TIME is a river deep and wide;
And while along its banks we stray,
We see our loved ones o'er its tide
Sail from our sight away, away.

Where are they sped — they who return
No more to glad our longing eyes?
They've passed from life's contracted bourn,
To land unseen, unknown, that lies
Beyond the river.

'Tis hid from view, but we may guess
How beautiful that realm must be;
For gleamings of its loveliness,
In visions granted, oft we see.
The very clouds that o'er it throw
Their veil, unraised for mortal sight,
With gold and purple tintings glow,
Reflected from the glorious light
Beyond the river.

And gentle airs, so sweet, so calm,
Steal sometimes from that viewless sphere;
The mourner feels their breath of balm,
And soothed sorrow dries the tear;
And sometimes listening ear may gain
Entrancing sound that hither floats —
The echo of the distant strain
Of harps and voices blending notes,
Beyond the river.

There are our loved ones in their rest!
They've crossed Time's river; now no more
They heed the bubbles on its breast,
Nor feel the storms that sweep its shore.
But there pure love can live, can last; —
They look for us their home to share;
When we, in turn, away have passed,
What joyful greetings wait us there,
Beyond the river.

MY FOURTH SPIRITUAL BIRTHDAY.

ANOTHER year! Oh hast thou flown so soon,
So soon escaped my fond yet feeble hold,
To mingle in the boundless ocean of
Eternity thy drops bitter and sweet!
O faithful monitor, swift flying year,
Servant of God, what witness hast thou borne
To Heaven's recording scribe of good or ill?
Full oft (and oh, my God, I tell it weeping
That I should ever grieve a Friend I love
So well), full oft I know I've failed to use
To my own soul's best good or Heaven's glory
Thy precious moments, which have flown away
To Heaven's portal, bearing naught for me —
No witness there, save that the trifling word
Had passed my lips, while my dear Saviour's
cross,
Which should have been my glory, was left un-
borne.

For this I weep in dust. Unworthy I,
And all unprofitable — but oh, my trust,
My only trust, is in my Saviour's name;
He loves and saves me still. When years ago
I sought at Jesus' feet and sweetly found
The priceless boon, a Father reconciled,
How easy then, how precious seemed the cross,
How light my Saviour's burden. His yoke to me

Was liberty. 'Twas sweet for him to toil,
For him to suffer; I counted it my joy.
Oh, have I still the joyful consciousness
Of Jesus' loving smile, and is't my meat
And drink to do my Master's will? Father,
Where'er I've strayed, or failed to do thy will,
Forgive for Jesus' sake, and grant that I
Henceforth no will may know, save thine. O
Time,
Thou'st borne to Heaven the record of my sins,
Bear now this witness that at Jesus' feet
Again I lay my all. Henceforth the world,
With all its vain display of gilded joys,
I'll count but worthless dross, and the dear cross
Of Jesus Christ my Lord shall ever be
My glory and my joy.

"WHEN THOU PASSEST THROUGH THE WATERS I WILL BE WITH THEE."

ISAIAH XLIII. 2.

THOUGH dark and unsounded they rise o'er my
head,
The waves of that river so chilling and dread;
'Though, rushing, they sport with my weakness
and woe,
Let me pass through the waters as heavenward I
go!

Let me pass through the waters, albeit I shrink,
As helpless I stand alone on its brink;
For, plunging, I cast off my childish alarms,
And rising I soar to a kind FATHER'S arms.

Then wrestle, my soul! with the cold crested
wave,
Ne'er doubting the arm of that Father can save;
Though drenched by the tempest, though chilled
by the night,
Thy robe, deeply crimsoned, henceforth shall be
white.

Thus when the dark stream sweeps on just before,
Bearing me down to the dim, distant shore,
I'll fearlessly, peacefully launch on its side,
And safe through its waters my Helper shall
guide.

SECRET OF A MOTHER'S SUCCESS.

A MOTHER who had brought up a large family
of children, all of whom had become members
of the Christian fold, was asked what means she
had used with so much success to win them to the
cross. She replied, "I have always felt that if they
were not converted before they became seven or
eight years of age they would probably be lost;
and when they have approached that age I have
been in an agony lest they should pass it uncon-
verted. I have gone to the Lord in my anguish,
and he has not turned away my prayers, nor his
mercy from me."

MRS. PALMER'S LETTERS.

ISLE OF MAN,
June 24th, 1862. }

WOULD that I could portray on paper the scenes of awakening, saving and sanctifying power we are daily beholding here. Surely this fair portion of our heavenly Father's domain is being visited. It is a time of the "passing by" of the Son of God, and he is setting up his kingdom of righteousness, peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost, in many hearts.

We are having mid-day and evening meetings which are very largely attended, particularly the latter, when many leave unable to find standing-room. Could I spread out before your readers the scene we witnessed last evening at St. James' Hall, it would call forth the strain,

"Glory to God in the highest,"

from hundreds of heaven-attuned hearts.

From the first of the evening's service the presence of the High and Holy One was a felt reality. About an hour after the commencement of the service such a remarkable effusion of the Spirit occurred, that not an individual present can ever forget the gracious event. In the midst of a solemn appeal to entire devotedness of heart and life, the speaker suddenly paused, and said, "I feel divinely impressed with the conviction, that if all who have named the name of Christ here will at once bring all their tithes into the Lord's storehouse, and prove God herewith, we shall have the windows of heaven opened upon us, and such an outpouring of the Spirit as has never before been witnessed in this place, and result in such a revival as has not been seen on the Isle of Man."

There was a sudden pause, and every one seemingly in that large assembly, that could free themselves from their crowded position, fell on their knees before God. For about three minutes all was silence, with the exception of stifled sobs on the

part of the contrite, and suppressed exclamations of praise, when the tide of Divine power and holy joy rose to an irrepressible point. Glory! Glory! Alleluia! burst from every part of the house. The tithes had been brought in, and the overflowing blessing had been poured out; and, judging from the effects, many hearts were saying, —

"It comes in flood we can't contain."

Many, before the close of the service, were sanctified wholly. Scores of heaven-illuminated countenances seemed to bespeak unmistakably the reception of an indwelling power, which we trust will be diffusing on others its hallowing influences during all the future of their lives. Many who had been convicted during the service of the evening found mercy, but I have not yet heard the number.

The editor and proprietor of the *Mono Herald* is most happily numbered with those who have brought all into the Lord's storehouse, and is now disposed to say, with the editor of a political paper who was converted at another town where we were laboring, "If I cannot edit a paper for God, I will not edit one at all."

We feel it to be a blessed privilege as far as able to turn even the few occasional seasons of respite which offer into means of grace. We came to this salubrious, pleasant island, intending to enjoy three or four days' respite, by the invitation of a friend, G. Pennell, Esq.; his large means being all devoted to the speedy upbuilding of Christ's kingdom. He conceived the idea that if a large hall might be taken, aside from denominational bias, a more general attention to the interest of the soul might be secured. He took the St. James' Hall at his own expense. According to his faith it has been done. God is now working mightily on the people of this community, irrespective of sect, though the Wesleyans are sharing the most largely.

The whole of the island, of about 50,000 inhabitants, comprising three consid-

erable towns and several villages, is one Wesleyan District. The excellent Chairman of the District was with us last evening, and is in attendance at all the meetings, as far as the onerous duties of his position will allow, and the same may also be said of all the Wesleyan ministers on the circuit.

As we stand engaged to attend a camp-meeting, to be held near Enniskillen, Ireland, commencing June 27th, our arrangements were made to leave to-morrow, but we have just been waited upon by a committee of ministers, bringing a memorial signed by about two hundred persons, entreating that we will not leave the town for a few days to come. The memorial expresses the belief that the blessed work of the Spirit, so gloriously begun, is destined to spread over the island, if the special services so divinely owned thus far may be continued, and to this our hearts say Amen and AMEN.

The only record we have seen giving any clue to the introduction of Methodism in the Isle of Man, is graciously illustrative of the fact that the arch-deceiver has not the gift of prescience. It is given by Mr. J. Rossen in writing to Rev. George Marsden, and reads thus:—"The first direct effort appears to have been made in the year 1758. From a manuscript before me I learn that in that year Mr. John Mullin, the 'weeping prophet,' was in the island, and stayed about a week. Mr. Mullin, in a published account of this early visit, says:—"I embarked in July, 1758, for Liverpool. But the captain deceived us, and carried us to the Isle of Man. Here we stayed a week. The second evening I preached in a barn, but on Sunday it would not contain the congregation, so I was obliged to preach abroad. The people in general behaved well, and gave great attention. After I left them, they sent to Whitehaven, desiring to have another preacher, but it was some years before another went, there being so little probability of doing any con-

siderable good, while the whole island was a nest of smugglers.' Amid honor and dishonor, and peril of life and limb, Methodism began to gain ground in the island in 1775, through the instrumentality of Rev. John Crook. His persecutions from the clergy and people were formidable, and sometimes so vexatious that he was tempted to desist, but he was enabled to endure through the girdings of Divine power. Great prosperity subsequently crowned his labors, so that his name is as ointment poured forth, and he is here spoken of to this day as the apostle of Methodism. Early in June, 1777, Mr. Wesley visited the island. May 30th, 1777, he writes: 'I went on to Whitehaven, where I found a little vessel waiting for me. After preaching in the evening, I went on board about eight o'clock, and before eight in the morning landed at Douglas, in the Isle of Man.' This is the point from which I now write."

What a change has since occurred in connection with the interests of Methodism! Then, there was no Wesleyan chapel, and Mr. Wesley, forbidden to preach in the church, was constrained to preach in the church-yard. Now, the Wesleyans have eight stationed preachers and between three and four thousand members on the island, and over forty preaching places.

PHOEBE PALMER.

ENNISKILLEN, IRELAND, }
July 17, 1862. }

DEAR BROTHER GORHAM: It is two weeks to-day since we arrived in Ireland. The camp-meeting which we came to attend closed on Monday of the present week. The guidance of grace in our coming is gloriously manifest.

I used to wonder in years gone by, as I read of Philip's being taken up by the Holy Spirit and set down at Azotus, in what manner the removal was accomplished. Perhaps the removal might not have been so manifestly supernatural as

some have imagined. However it was done, scarcely could Philip have been more settled in his convictions that he was under heavenly guidance when caught away to Azotus, or when joining himself to the eunuch's chariot, than we have been of divine direction in being carried about by the voice of the church, as we have been impelled from place to place, since we saw you last.

The Irish camp-meeting just closed was remarkably blessed of the Lord in the conviction and conversion of sinners, and the entire sanctification of believers. Unlike our American camp-meetings, the services continued about two weeks. We did not arrive till after the meeting had been in progress a week. The power of saving grace had been graciously manifest before our arrival, but as some who had been blessed had left the ground, the people going and coming, and a special record not having been kept, the recordings of the book of life alone can fully disclose the results of the meeting. The Rev. Mr. Graves, an excellent brother of the Troy Conference, who came to these regions in quest of health, has, under God, been the prime mover in the camp-meeting enterprise in this country. His name will long be loved and honored. Rev. Wm. Hall, a dear young minister from Toronto, full of faith and power, who is on a visit to this country, has also been much blessed in his labors at this meeting. A number of other ministers from various parts of Ireland have been at this feast of tabernacles, whose ministrations have been in the demonstration of the Spirit.

During the last week of the meeting, the work was so glorious, that we urged the appointment of a special secretary, that the souls born into the kingdom might be garnered for the church, and also that the name of the Lord might be exalted by his doings being made known among the people. From Tuesday of last week till Monday of the present week the scenes of saving grace were remarka-

ble indeed. Prayer meetings succeeded every public service. These were mostly held in a large tent, at which it was usual to see from twenty to fifty bowed at the penitent forms as seekers.

Yesterday was memorialized above all other days. It was the Lord's day. During the preceding days the hosts of Zion had been putting on their strength. Many might say as the beloved disciple on the Isle of Patmos, "I was in the Spirit on the Lord's day."

Many of the beloved disciples of the Saviour, having set themselves apart for God, had received the gift of power. God does not leave the heart a vacuum. He cleanses the temple, and beautifies it with holiness, and then, before astonished angels and men, proclaims his entrance into his redeemed, purified temple, saying, "Ye are the temple of the living God." How amazing! Yes, the heart of every true Christian is the living temple of the living God, where he who was once the incarnate Deity lives, moves, and works; as God hath said, "I will dwell in them and walk in them." Truly holiness is power. But why multiply words by way of demonstrating this to you? You know it, and by your daily walk and conversation I am persuaded you are exemplifying the glorious principle.

It was His power that told largely on the success of the services yesterday, when we have reason to believe over one hundred deeply-convicted sinners were brought to Jesus. The secretary informed me this morning that he recorded the names of one hundred and thirty-six, all of whom professed to have found either the blessing of pardon or purity yesterday. The convictions were deep and the conversions powerful. The secretary, in giving me this account, said he believed many more had been subjects of the work beside those whose names had been received; the work being too diffusive to come within his reach. It is estimated that about five thousand persons were on the

encampment. During the addresses, from ten till one o'clock, the arrows of conviction penetrated the hearts of the unconverted in every direction.

In the large tent to which we retired, after leaving the stand, we had one steady gust of divine power. This meeting continued without any intermission about four hours, during which about ninety who had been wounded by the Spirit's sword were made whole. Oh, it was indeed a scene of wondrous triumph, as one after another rose in rapid succession to declare what great things the Lord had done for their souls.

I was much interested with the case of a dear man with whom I had labored some time the evening previous, as a seeker of holiness. Having been well known as a professor of religion, he said the cross of coming out and kneeling at the penitent form as a seeker of the great salvation was very heavy; and he found himself for some time so tempted as to find it difficult after he came to bring his mind to any point on the subject. But before leaving he obtained a glorious victory, and ere we parted, at the close of the meeting, he was rejoicing in the witness that the blood of Jesus cleanseth.

Yesterday, as we were on the eve of commencing the blessed four hours' meeting just referred to, I saw this young man standing amid the crowd in the tent as we entered, and seeing his eyes red with weeping, I paused and said to him, "I hope, my dear brother, you have not cast away your confidence." He said, "Oh, no; but I am feeling so deeply for my unconverted brother, and other relatives who have come upon the ground to-day." I encouraged him to believe that, as God's order had been obeyed, and judgment begun with him, he might expect to see the answer to his prayers speedily in behalf of his unconverted relatives. In a few minutes after this conversation the unconverted brother was bowing at the penitent form near the same spot where his brother

had received the blessing of purity the evening previous. He had been suddenly and most powerfully arrested by the Spirit, and with strong cries and tears was pleading for mercy. The process of his conversion did not, I imagine, occupy more time than that of the jailer in Paul's day. Less than an hour had passed from the time I was conversing with the brother so burdened in his behalf, ere I saw the two brothers clasped in each other's arms, amid tears and praises, glorifying God. Both brothers soon became intensely interested for the salvation of their unconverted sisters who were also in the tent. It was not long before the two sisters yielded to the importunity of the brothers, and though separated at different points in the tent, they began to plead for saving mercy. Little over an hour had passed after the commencement of that glorious prayer meeting, when I witnessed the affecting sight of the two brothers and two sisters all locked together in each other's embraces, weeping and praising the Lord with unutterable gladness. It was a sight which angels must have gazed upon with joy; calling Dr. P.'s attention to it, I exclaimed, "See! that band has just been newly bound together in the bundle of life." The eldest brother, who the evening before had told me how tempted he was in regard to kneeling among the penitents as a seeker of holiness, came to me as soon as the first burst of praise was over, and said, "Oh, did not the Lord repay me soon for the cross I took up last evening!"

The closing services of the meeting took place this morning. After a delightful fellowship meeting, Dr. P. and myself were invited by the excellent superintendent minister to give some parting advices. Soon after the Lord's Supper was administered, of which many partook. It was an affecting thought that so many of us were for the first time surrounding the table of our Lord on earth, and in expectation of so soon parting to meet no more

till we should assemble at the marriage supper of the Lamb. The whole service closed by encompassing the ground in procession, pausing, as with us, before the preachers' stand to take the parting hand, in the meanwhile singing,

"There'll be no more parting there,
There'll be no more parting there;
In heaven above, where all is love,
There'll be no more parting there."

July 20th. By the suggestion of the mayor of the town and several other leading friends in the community, we have been solicited to remain a few days and hold revival services in the Town Hall; we have consented, and are now having a continuation of camp-meeting services in the midst of the town. The meetings are numerous attended, and many we trust are coming to Jesus. A large room in connection with the hall is used as a vestry. To these the seekers are invited after the addresses. Here scores may be seen each evening at the penitent forms as humble seekers of salvation.

P. S. Since the date of the preceding, we have received a letter from the brother who was appointed to record the names of those who were special recipients of grace at the camp-meeting. From his report we have reason to believe that at least five hundred of those who came forward as seekers were enabled to testify, to the praise of God, to the reception of the blessing sought.

P. P.

MEETING FOR HOLINESS IN NEW YORK.

NOTES TAKEN AT DIFFERENT TIMES
BY A REGULAR ATTENDANT.

A SISTER.

"God moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform," etc.

FIVE years ago God brought me into this rest. A loved companion was lying shrouded for the grave, and I went into a

retired spot to meditate with God. I was enabled by the leadings of the Holy Spirit to throw myself on God, and then Jesus and the Father came and took up their abode in me. From that time to the present, I have been enabled to live with him, and the language of my heart has been,—

"If so poor a worm as I," etc.

I went into the room where my husband's body lay, and I said, "The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away, blessed be the name of the Lord." A minister came in, and as he took my hand he said, "This does not look like the house of mourning!"

Trials which I have since been called to endure have been heavy, but I found delight and solace in the word of God, and my prayer is that I may live the life of faith. I do know that the blood of Jesus Christ cleanses me from all sin, and I rejoice in the prospect of incorruptible, unfading treasures. My soul is attracted to Jesus. God is teaching me day by day, and I am learning more and more how to step up higher and higher in this way of holiness. My chief anxiety now is to bring others into the liberty of God's dear children.

MISS ANNESLEY.

I have learned in the way of holiness that I had to keep to that which was right, and not to yield to every one's reproof or censure. I learned not to have any mortification of feeling, whilst my motives and principles are right. I think that my manners are not equal to my principles. I need the atonement, and feel that it saves me from condemnation. The truest ground of my confidence is that the Lord knows my heart, and I wish with diligence to keep the clear witness of my salvation.

I have often praised God that he has given me a simple, teachable, humble heart. I am nothing but a sinner saved by grace. I am astonished that God gives me Himself.

I have an entire self-emptiness, and an entire reliance on Christ, and I think that if he puts up with me, I may put up with myself.

My heart is buoyant with the consciousness that I am Christ's, and that he is mine; that he loves me, and saves me to the uttermost.

BROTHER ELLIOTT.

I have refrained from speaking because I wished to hear others. So far as I understand their expressions and consciousness, I am with this meeting. There are points in the experiences which I have not gained. I am satisfied that you are right, and I wish that I were as you are.

I stand on a point of which I am glad to testify: a clear experience, which is far above what I ever knew before.

It seems to me that the converted state is a mixed state, whilst the sanctified is a simple state.

For twenty-one years I was in a mixed state. I knew that I desired God's glory; I knew that I had selfish ends; I knew that I wanted to work for God; I knew that I wanted rewards from him; I knew that I had faith, and yet I knew that I had unbelief. I consulted God in prayer; I consulted self in the exercise of reason; I found disturbance of spirit,—the waves of the sea throwing up the mire and dirt of corruption.

And yet God, in his wonderful mercy, used me in his cause, and enabled me to write and speak words which were food for sanctified souls.

For twenty-one years I was in my minority. Through the process of consecration, and through the exercise of faith that it was accepted, I passed into a new sphere and mode of spiritual exercises and religious labor. It is a simple state. I do not seek the will of God and my will; I seek the will of God only. I think I can say that I do not even care to have the reward of a joyful sense of acceptance. I am willing to lay the sacrifice on the altar, and let it lay there until eternity.

God's will is all. My object in seeking advice is to know, through that person, what is the will of God. I don't wish to follow the judgment of men. I want to be used for God. I don't want to be a spectacle and a reproach unless it be the will of God that I should be so. I have no choice, but I want by all means to secure the glory of God. This is the predominant feeling in all things—looking to God and devoted to God. I have no agitation; I have eagerness and restlessness of desire after the things of God. Trial keeps me awake, but it does not agitate; it keeps me awake to think of the goodness of God. Whether my heart is cleansed from all sin, whether I have the witness of the Spirit, I do not know; I know that in no conscious voluntary act or choice do I separate myself from the will of God. I do at all times what seems to me the will of God. I don't know that I commit one voluntary act wrong; that is as far as I can go; but I can say that through Jesus Christ and for his sake, and through the blood he has shed, I have no condemnation. So far as I understand, the doctrine of entire sanctification through faith is a present and permanent thing in this life. I think it is childishness in the church and in the ministry, when, with the Bible in their hands, they close their eyes to the glorious doctrine which common sense and experience prove to be true.

FAITH does not consist in thinking that my sins are comparatively little, and therefore may be forgiven; but in knowing that they are very great, and believing that, though they are never so many and great, past or present, Christ's blood is above them all.

Nothing but Christ's blood, taking away, and as it were annihilating sin, can quiet an awakened conscience. Repentance implies an abiding self-dislike and self-aborrence, and can neither destroy the existence, nor extinguish the remembrance, nor heal the smart, of past sin; the torment of it can never die but with a conviction that Christ took it all on himself.